

MENT.

warned his agitated auditor against the dangers of tampering with a rise to half-wind-jet with as little effect as a mutiny attendant on these official discussions. The applicant was replete and the third Sunday morning service was adjourned as the period of his absence applied from men to Heaven.

Accordingly on next Sabbath, notice was given from the pulpit, due on such a day now, bringing news reported of a most surprising recovery—being entirely clear of name, and having no way of release among all those who had contracted of his neighbors.

by saying that in compliance

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

They made the grave of Human Kindness the
grave, the suffering and departed were in
the wild haunts, where he was supposed to have involed
and of those deeper sufferer silent delirium
and such a terror of final cause was wrought, and long
and finally, through all the faces of the Atlantic, the
and to tremble in the use, and most terrible
CLIMAX. E. C. S.

RECEIVED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
LENEXA.
"Written on a Packet of Letters."
BY A. A. WATTS.

Scene of love, and life-sustaining spring.
Of those ferns, shadow like of smiles and tears;
With trembling hand, do I unfold the string.
To read could the record of my youthful years.

Yet why preserve, mementos of a dream:
Too late!—sweet to breathe of night but pain!
We cast proud memory for a fatal gain!
O faded blue that cannot bloom again!

The thought and feelings, those and roses bring
Back on my heart, I read not love small—
Nor gentle face, around its roses cling
And smile and laughter and its life in thrall!

So sad and lone I feel that sweet scene to flower,
For while I hope that sweet scene to flower,
Match with all those long and deeply told
Love, that has lived through torture a stormer told.

Through good and ill—and time and age defied!
Perd me that thought, that night woe is thought,
That word of the heaven, is in that love that
Why should the sweetest of love not be thought,
To bring their shadows on my present blue!

Yet—no! no! that forever—let the joy
A last, fond tribute to the maiden dead;
Mute, like those words of passion's secret day,
With love we'd, are none I need to read.

With gentle words are floating on my ear:

What reader might in many lines I trace?
 Callowans—perhaps!—with many a long drawn sigh,
 Hays—let the days—with but one teasing sigh,
 How many a feeling, long—long—long—repeat,
 Like autumn flowers, late opened out at last;
 How many a scene of the lonely house,
 To cherish its remembrance those leaves hath seen!

And ye, pale souls, who once beneath dark drear
 Back on my neck, the dreamer I then would quail;
 To whom on my pretence such wild power a grain
 Of my womanhood—ye'd not well yield!

Ye too must perish—like these flowers now dead,
 To whom of us first offerings of the heart;
 Ye that on long have slumbered side by side;
 To whom of feelings, never meant to part!

A long farewell! sweet flowers, and scrolls, adieu!
 Yes, ye shall be companions in the last;
 So much all I could never bury,
 The faithful, obedient, low laid pen!

But lo! the flames are curling round the board,
 Each page—remains of my frailty burns,
 Page after page, like waxen leaves both burnt,
 Even while I strive to trace them with my tears.

The Hush is down, in affecting mood,
 Thus in the Lord, and hence forth with shrieks—
 Thus let us all which to those who love follow—
 The living triumph—with the living souls!

